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I Can't conceive any particular Reaſon, why the Painters have generally choſen to decorate Cielings only with Scenes of Heaven, and the Company of Gods and Goddeſſes; unleſs 'tis merely becauſe they are over our Heads, and 'tis meant for adapting the Subject to the Situation: But ſuppoſe we ſhould allow this Prettineſs to be a ſufficient Reaſon for introducing the Marvellous in Painting peculiarly there: I can by no Means reconcile myſelf to the deifying of Monarchs, as is generally the Cuſtom on ſuch Occaſions, when Palaces or other publick Buildings leave room for Ornaments of that Nature. I have always been of Opinion that the introducing theſe fabulous Beings in Poetry, has been but a very lame and impotent Way of Flattering; but there 'tis more excuſable than here, becauſe the Ideas are preſented to the Imagination only, whereas theſe glare in the very Eye itſelf, and ſhew you the whole Abſurdity at once.

To this may be added, that one may always give a Receipt for all ſuch Compoſitions as theſe: The King or Queen is made the principal Figure of the Piece, and all the good Folks of the Skies are lugg'd in as their Vaſſals and Attendants, preſenting them with the Enſigns of their Power, or plentifully ſupplying them with their Virtues and Accompliſhments.——Theſe are the gay, beautiful, ſmiling Part of the Figures, and for a Contraſte below, *Cerberus*, and the *Furies*, are repreſented howling under the Club of a huge, brawny *Hercules*, who is ſure to be made the Drudge on all theſe Occaſions.

Exactly in this Taſte, is the Cieling of *Greenwich-Hoſpital:* There is this Difference indeed, the Compliment is ſplit between King *William* and Queen *Mary*, and the Deſign is inrich'd with a greater Number of Perſons and Ornaments. The King, 'tis true, the Principal, being made to ſit in as much Form, as if to receive an Addreſs, or make a Speech to his Parliament: The Action he is in, is giving Peace to *Europe*, who kneels at his Feet to receive it; and, round about him, are the whole Collection of Godlings in Waiting: Beyond theſe again are the Signs and Seaſons, and at proper Diſtances, if I remember right, the four Diviſions of the World; all which, and many more, which I can't recollect, have no Buſineſs here, that I can ſee, but to make a *Jupiter* of *Naſſau*, and a *Juno* of the Queen.

'Tis eaſy to ſuppoſe that ſo great a Multiplicity of Figures, to fill ſo large an Intablature, and adorn'd with ſuitable Decorations, could hardly be united in one Action, or reconcil'd to one Point of View: And yet I am free to acknowledge that Sir *James Thornhill* has done as much towards both, as could be expected from any Man: I will even go farther; the Deſign is full and grand in itſelf, compos'd of many Parts; and yet he has found out a Way of preſerving a Simplicity, and avoiding Confuſion.

As to the Truth of Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s Joak, that he was the beſt *Hoſpital Painter* in the World, as having a Knack at *lame Figures*, I ſhall leave it to be determin'd by the Painters: There are few Gentlemen, who are good Judges enough of Drawing, to determine the Merit of an Out-Line, and in ſuch a Piece there requires more Time to examine it, than a Perſon who is not of the Profeſſion can well ſpare: I will however venture to determine that the Colouring is far from being bad; that he has blended ſuch an agreeable Variety ſo artfully together, as ſatisfies the Eye, diſtinguiſhes the Objects perfectly aſunder, and yet unites them all very harmonioufly in the Whole.

We come now into the ſecond Apartment, and, turning about from the Steps at the Entrance, we have the Figure of *Charity* in Perſpective thro' the two Arches, painted in a Nich, and appearing almoſt as round and ſwelling as a real Statue: 'Tis not only a very proper Figure for the Place, but plac'd with great Judgment, and finiſh'd with as much Happineſs.

I am ſorry I can ſay nothing of this Nature, with Reſpect to the Decorations of this upper Diviſion of the *Hall:* Sir *James* ſeems here to have loſt both his Manner and Execution too.——The Groupe of the Royal Family, which is the chief Object in View, is tame beyond Expreſſion, without the leaſt Grandeur or Politeneſs, Proportion or Keeping: Nay they have not ſo much as Likeneſs to recommend them, nor Action to keep them in Countenance.——The Decorations round about them are as bad, and, the Dome, in the back Ground, particularly, one of the worſt Things I ever ſaw.——'Twas certainly a great Error in Decorum in Sir *James*, in introducing his own Figure, in Company with the Royal Family: But, as he ought to have been aſham'd of the Performance, 'twas an Indiſcretion too, to keep the Maſter's Image continually in the Eye, to bear the Cenſure that every Day falls on his Performance.

I am as little pleas'd with the Cieling of this Room: 'Tis gay and ſhining, but without Variety or Grace: The two Medals of the late *Queen* and the Prince of *Denmark*, are poor, wretched, and void of Expreſſion, neither are the Ornaments round about them leſs deſerving of Cenſure.

The Manner of the two Pieces, on the right and left of the Room, I think is very pretty, and might be made great Uſe of in Decorations. The Stone Colours heightned with Gold, have, in my Opinion, a very good Effect: I can't ſay much in Praiſe of the Pieces they are here employ'd in: They ſeem to be the Product of a Genius in its Waine, or one that was too indolent to aim at any Thing better, even for the Sake of his own Reputation.

I have now done with the *Hoſpital* for the preſent: But, when we are at *Greenwich*, we ought to take Notice of every Thing remarkable there, and, as ſuch, I think we ought not to overlook the Church: A Building that is form'd on a good Taſte both for Strength and Beauty: It has more Simplicity than moſt of the modern Fabricks, and does not want for proper Ornaments. The Steeple is light, airy, and elegant, and the whole Front, with that in Projection, fills the Eye very perfectly, and deſerves a good deal of the Applauſe. If this Structure has any Fault, 'tis rather too heavy, and if a Quantity of Stone had been ſpar'd in ſome Parts of it, 'twould have been an Advantage to the Whole.

Greenwich-Park is a moſt delightful Scene, charming in the Variety of its Situation, and as much improv'd as the Genius of the Place will allow: The Obſervatory is a fine Decoration to the Hill, and appears beautifully Romantick in Proſpect. The Landſcape round about it is one of the richeſt in the World, and, in my Opinion, may very well vie with thoſe celebrated ones of *Richmond* and *Windſor:* 'Tis hard to ſay which excells, they have all peculiar Beauties, and each in Turn ſeems to challenge the Pre-eminence: *Windſor* I think is the moſt extended View, has the Advantage of a noble Terraſs to take the Sight from; the Slope below has ſomething in it ſingularly beautiful; then the Park on one Hand, the Flat on the other: *Eaton* College beyond that: The River winding thro' the whole Scene, and the Variety of rural Images on the other Side, form an Aſſemblage of Beauties that very few Places in *Europe* can parallel.

That of *Richmond* again has the delightful Village of *Peterſham* on one Side, the level Meadows and Walks of *Ham* underneath; the River running at the Bottom: *Twickenham*, *Kingſton*, and innumerable Seats, Gardens, and Groves all about them, and a Country like a Paradiſe, enrich'd with all the Beauties that the moſt luxuriant Imagination can fancy, or the moſt florid Author deſcribe.

Greenwich is not quite ſo happy as either of theſe in the natural Beauties of the Scene; her Seats are leſs numerous, her Groves thinner planted, and Pleaſure does not ſeem to have made it ſo long her Reſidence: But then, to make Amends for theſe Defects, ſhe has much more Magnificence than both. The *Royal Hoſpital*, and Village of *Greenwich* beneath, the huge Metropolis of *London* ariſing beyond that, and the River cover'd with Navigation, are Peculiarities which perhaps no other Proſpect in the World can boaſt.

To AMORET.

LOVE, imag'd blind by lying Bards,
Is Eagle-ey'd in me;
I ſee in you a thouſand Charms,
And love becauſe I ſee.
When *Nature* form'd that Angel-Face,
She laviſh'd all her Pow'r:
Be this, ſhe cry'd, my Maſter Piece;
Kneel Mortals, and adore!
Like her own *Flora*'s vernal Bluſh,
Your blooming Cheek ſhe dyes;
And from the Morning Dew-Drop takes
The Luſtre of your Eyes.
Like equal Rows of Orient Pearl,
She ſets your even Teeth;
With live Vermillion ſtains your Lip,
With Nectar dews your Breath.
In *Beauty*'s Net ſhe weaves your Hair,
And underneath it ſpreads
The *milky Way*, whoſe tempting Path
To *Love*'s Elyſium leads.
Yet, thus extravagant in Art,
To decorate the Shrine;
Your Body's but a cryſtal Caſe
To ſhew the Soul within.
Joy is the ſweet Reſult of both,
By Turns each other *charms*;
'Tis Heav'n to hear your tuneful Voice,
But more to fill your Arms.
Fond *Love*, and open *Truth* appear
The Features of your Mind;
And *Pleaſure* ſpeaks, in ev'ry Glance,
The Wiſh of all Mankind.
Where all the *Graces* thus unite,
'Tis Merit to approve;
And Reaſon, which at firſt admir'd,
Is forc'd to end in Love.

The EXAMPLE.

SINCE 'tis well known Examples will prevail,
When wholſom Precepts, and good Counſel fail,
This mournful Story I from *Ovid* choſe,
Which may your Mind to hate the Sex diſpoſe.
Iphis, a gen'rous Youth, tho' low in Fame;
With Love beheld *Anaxarete*'s Frame;
From *Teucer*'s noble Race the Charmer came.
Through ev'ry Vein the ſubtle Poiſon roul'd,
Thence Flames aroſe too fierce to be controul'd.
Long Time with all his beſt Efforts he ſtrove,
To ſtop the Growth of his preſumptuous Love;
At length, when Reaſon could not calm Deſpair,
With ſuppliant Looks he went to court the Fair.
In all the Softneſs of a Lover's Strain,
Trembling, he told the Nymph his wond'rous Pain.
Sometimes he begs her Confidante to plead
His mournful Cauſe, in Hopes ſhe might ſucceed;
Sometimes with piteous Words allures a Friend,
Upon whoſe Faith he firmly could depend,
To be his Advocate, and beg the Fair
To prove indulgent to his ardent Pray'r.
Expreſſive Lines, writ with the ſofteſt Art,
Declare the Suff'rings of his bleeding Heart;
With am'rous Chaplets he her Doors adorn'd,
Diſtain'd with Tears, which his fond Paſſion mourn'd.
His tender Limbs whole Nights the Threſhold preſs'd,
Expos'd to Winds and Rain his anxious Breaſt
Grew unacquainted with the Joys of Reſt.
She, raging worſe than the tempeſtuous Main,
When foaming Waves ſwell high its watry Plain,
Converts her Beauty to ſevereſt Frowns,
Which on his Boſom fix much deeper Wounds.
The haughty Maid his gen'rous Warmth diſdains,
And with inſulting Speeches mocks his Pains.
Iphis, whoſe love-ſick Soul was hourly torn
With Paſſion grown too mighty to be born,
Diſdain'd to languiſh long beneath her Scorn.
Wrought up to Madneſs, thus he Silence broke;
And at the Door theſe piercing Accents ſpoke:

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Farewel *Anaxarete*, cruel Maid!
No more ſhall you my ſlighted Flame upbraid;
No more my Paſſion ſhall your Ears offend,
Since, with my Life, my fond Complainings end.
Wanton in Smiles, ſing *Io pæan* now,
And let victorious Laurels bind your Brow.
O'er a torn Heart in ſportive Triumph ride,
That falls a Martyr to your female Pride.
Yes, I will die, embrace the peaceful Grave,
Proud of b'ing call'd your barb'rous Beauty's Slave.
Thus dying, to the World my Fate ſhall prove
That, in ſome Meaſure, I deſerv'd your Love.
Ev'n your inhuman and relentleſs Soul,
Spite of its Scorn, ſhall with Compaſſion roul.
Nor ſhall my Death be told by babling Fame,
But your own cruel Eyes ſhall view the ſame,
To glut your Vengeance on my breathleſs Frame.
O *Jove* ſupreme! if thy immortal Care
Reſpects the Actions of our lower Sphere,
Grant that ſucceeding Times may read my Name,
And what I want in Life make up in Fame.
Then t'wards the Poſts, with Garlands often crown'd,
He lifts his Arms and Eyes, in Sorrow drown'd.
High on the Top the fatal Cord he ty'd;
This ſure will ſatisfy her ſtinty Pride:
Thus ſay'ng, with all his Weight he forwards ſprung,
And on the Door the ſtruggling Burden hung.
Struck with the ſounding Force it open flew,
Preſenting the ſad Spectacle to View.
With Horror ſeiz'd the Servants ſhriek'd aloud,
And in Confuſion round the Body croud.
Not all their Arts could vital Heat reſtore;
Back to his Mother the dead Corps they bore.
She beats her aged Breaſt, and rends her Hair,
In all the Agony of wild Deſpair;
Her feeble Arms his pallid Limbs embrace,
Then waſhes o'er with pious Tears his Face,
And on his Cheeks ſpreads fruitleſs Warmth apace.
But now the Hour of Burial being come,
In Pomp they bear him to his ſilent Tomb.
Near to that Street through which the Fun'ral came,
Anaxarete dwelt; that ſcornful Dame.
The hideous Yellings, and diſtracted Cries,
With Terror did th' aſtoniſh'd Maid ſurpriſe;
Yet, with a Smile, that ſeem'd to ſpeak Delight,
We'll view (cry'd ſhe) this mighty ſhocking Sight.
Scarce had her Eyes beheld the fatal Bier,
But their extended Balls grew ſtiff with Fear;
The Life's warm Stream her azure Veins forſook,
And her whole Frame a flinty Hardneſs took;
To ſtir her Head and Feet ſhe ſtrove in vain,
Fix'd in one ſettled Poſture both remain,
Transform'd to Stone, the juſt Reward of her Diſdain.
Here you have ſeen a wretched Youth betray'd
To ſhameful Death, by a relentleſs Maid.
Let his Misfortunes learn you to beware
How you addreſs a haughty charming Fair.
For, tho' the Story's feign'd, on this depend,
Millions of Lovers thus their Days would end,
If cruel Beauty, that delights to kill,
Had but a Pow'r extenſive as its Will.

SATURDAY, *June* 29.

THE Remains of the late Mr. *Cantillon*, who was burnt to Death at the Fire in *Albemarle-ſtreet*, were Yeſterday, by Order of his Friends, depoſited in a Leaden Urn, in order to their Interment.

We hear that her Grace the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Marlborough* paid a Viſit to his Excellency Mon. *Chavigny* ſoon after his late Misfortune of being burnt out of his Houſe at *Twickenham*, to offer him one of her Country-Houſes to reſide in during the Summer Seaſon, but that his Excellency declin'd accepting the Favour.

His Majeſty's Ship the *Salamander* is arrived in the *Downs* from *Cork* in *Ireland*, having on board 200 impreſt Seamen.

The Truſtees for eſtabliſhing the Colony of *Georgia* in *America* having deputed *James Ogletborpe*, *John Laroche* and *Richard Chandler*, Eſqrs; and Mr. *Harman Verelſt*, to wait on, and bring up from *Graveſend* in a Barge, *Tomo Chachi*, an *Indian* Chief, with *Senauki* his Wife, and *Toonahowi* his Nephew, *Hillipilli* a War Captain, and *Apakowtſki*, *Stimaleechi*, *Sintouchi*, *Stingwykki* and *Umpychi*, five other *Indians*, who came over to *England* with *James Ogletborpe*, Eſq; in the *Aldborough* Man of War, they arriv'd laſt Night at the ſaid Truſtees Office in *Weſtminſter*.

Yeſterday at cloſing the Books at *Guildhall* the Poll for Bridge-Maſter ſtood thus:

For Mr. *Hyde* —— 1654
Mr. *Davey* —— 1323

Whereupon Mr. *Davey* threw it up.

Deaths. On Thurſday laſt died the Lady of the Lord *James Cavendiſh*, Uncle to the preſent Duke of *Devonſhire*: She was one of the Daughters and Coheirs to *Elihu Yale*, Eſq; ſome Time Governor of Fort St. *George* in the *Eaſt-Indies*. She left one Son and one Daughter; the Son married to the Biſhop of *Durham*'s Daughter, and the Daughter to the Biſhop of *Durham*'s Son.—— Yeſterday died, at his Chambers in *Gray's-Inn*, *Peter Sexton*, Eſq; a Native of *Ireland*, and Counſellor at Law.

MONDAY, *July* 1.

On Saturday Night laſt came an extraordinary Expreſs from *Paris*, with Advice, that on the Monday before, in the Evening, the Marquis *de Coigny*, Son to the Marſhal of that Name, arriv'd at *Verſailles*, with an Account, that on the 29th of *June*, N. S. early in the Morning, the *Imperial* Army in *Italy* drew up in Battalia, and march'd directly towards *Parma*, and that Monſ. *Coigny*, who commanded the Army of the Allies in the Abſence of the King of *Sardinia*, ſeeing the *Imperialiſts* in full March, retired from before *Parma*, where he was poſted, and ſeem'd by his various Motions to avoid coming to a Battle, till the Van of the *Imperial* Army was advanc'd to the very Walls of *Parma*, which expoſing the *Germans* to a very great Diſadvantage, Monſ. *de Coigny* attack'd them: The Action began by two Battalions of a Side cannonading each other acroſs a ſmall Rivulet near the *Lenza*, which in about two Hours became general, and laſted about eleven Hours, when 9000 *Germans* were kill'd, and 5000 *French*, amongſt the latter 600 Officers; Count *Mercy*, the Prince of *Wirtemberg*, General *Wachtendonck*, and Count *Palfi*, were kill'd on the Side of the *Imperialiſts*; and Monſ. *Coigny*, the *French* General, dangerouſly wounded: The *Imperialiſts* retreated in the utmoſt Confuſion, leaving their Artillery, Ammunition and Baggage; a Detachment of *French* were ſent out in Purſuit of them, which took ſeveral Priſoners, amongſt them a *German* Officer of great Rank: The Rear of the *French* during the Night fired on their own Army by Miſtake, which was anſwer'd with ſeveral Volleys, and continued about two Hours in the dark, by which Means they kill'd a great many of their own People.

The Great Duke, with ſeveral of his Domeſticks, ſaw great Part of the Battle from the Ramparts of *Parma*.

The King of *Sardinia* was gone to *Turin* ſome Days before the Action, to pay a Viſit, as it was given out, to the Queen; but no ſooner was his Back turn'd than it was pretended his Majeſty had left the Army on Account of a ſlight Miſunderſtanding ariſen between his Majeſty and the new Marſhals *de Coigny* and *Broglio*, who had often before propos'd coming to Blows; but the King being conſcious of having the moſt at Stake, always oppos'd any Motions that ſeem'd hazardous, or attended with Riſque.

On Saturday the ſeveral Troops of Horſe and Horſe-Grenadier-Guards paſs'd in Review before his Majeſty in *Hyde-Park*, who expreſs'd an entire Satisfaction at the good Appearance of the Officers and private Gentlemen, who perform'd their Exerciſes on Foot as well as on Horſeback with great Applauſe; but his Majeſty was pleaſed to diſpenſe with their Firing, on Account of the great Number of Spectators mounted on Horſeback in the Field: A Man in the Croud was kill'd by the Kick of a Trooper's Horſe.

On Friday laſt the Lady of *William Archer*, Eſq; Knight of the Shire for the County of *Berks*, was ſafely delivered of a Son, at his Houſe in *Soho-Square*.

Preferment. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint his Grace *Charles* Duke of *Richmond* to be Maſter of the Horſe to his Majeſty, in the room of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Scarborough*, who reſigned that Office about four Months ago.

Marriage. On Saturday laſt *Burrington Goldſworthy*, Eſq; Nephew to the Right Hon. Sir *Charles Wager*, was married to Miſs *Vanbrugh*, Daughter of Capt. *Vanbrugh*, Commander of a Man of War.

Death. Laſt Week died at *Edinburgh* the Hon. *Harry Maule*, Eſq; commonly called Earl of *Panmure*; but his elder Brother being unhappily concern'd in the late Rebellion at *Preſton*, the Titles and Eſtate of that antient Family were forfeited.

TUESDAY, *July* 2.

Laſt Week arrived at *Falmouth* the *Cornwall*, Captain *Samuel Skinner*, in twenty Days from *Gibraltar*; he aſſures, that Mr. *Zollicoffre*, his Majeſty's Ambaſſador to the King of *Morocco*, was gone from *Tetuan* to Court with the Preſents, upon Intimation they would be accepted. That eighty *Mooriſh* Horſe were ſent from *Mequinez* to eſcort him; and that ſeveral Officers belonging to the Garriſon of *Gibraltar*, and to the Squadron, were gone with him.

Letters from *Spain*, by the Way of *Paris*, bring Advice, that the Flota, conſiſting of four Men of War, was arriv'd at *Cadiz*, having on board twelve Millions of Pieces of Eight.

Laſt Thurſday a Male Infant about a Month old, was found murdered in the Field behind *Montagu-Houſe*, with its Legs cut off, and his Skull ſplit; and on Saturday laſt the Coroner's Jury ſat on the Body, and brought in their Verdict *Wilful Murder* againſt Perſons unknown.

Theophilus Dillingham and *Richard Chaſe*, Eſqrs; have this Day depoſited in the Chamber of *London* their Fines, in order to their being diſcharged from the Office of Sheriffs of the City of *London* and County of *Middleſex*.

On Tueſday Morning laſt Mr. *Caſtell* of *Bartlet's-Buildings*, coming from *Quendon* in *Eſſex* to *London*, met the *Saffron Walden* Coach on *Epping-Foreſt*, and was acquainted by the Paſſengers that a Man on a grey Horſe had juſt robb'd them; whereupon Mr. *Caſtell* and his Man turn'd back and purſu'd him, and overtook him in the thickeſt Part of the Foreſt, where he threw himſelf off his Horſe, in order to make his Eſcape on Foot; but Mr. *Caſtell* preſenting a Piſtol, and threatening to ſhoot him if he made any Oppoſition, he readily ſubmitted, and deliver'd his Piſtol, as alſo the Money he had robb'd the Paſſengers of, being about 7 s. 6 d. after which they brought him back to the *Crown* at *Epping*, and being carried before a Juſtice, he committed him to *Chelmſford* Jail: He confeſs'd the Fact, and ſaid he was a Clock maker in *Bunhill-Fields*, and that he hired his Horſe of one *Goodchild* in *Little Moorfields*.

Death. On Saturday died, at *Wandſworth* in *Surrey*, *John Shrimpton*, Eſq; a Gentleman of a good Fortune: He was Commander of a Man of War in the Year 1718, in that memorable Expedition in *Sicily* againſt the *Spaniards*.

WEDNESDAY, *July* 3.

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Orange* embark'd at *Helvoetſluys* on Saturday Night laſt, about Ten o'Clock, on board the *Fubbs* Yacht; and at Ten on Monday Morning, the Wind being ſtrong at Weſt, and the ſaid Yacht oppoſite to the *Kentiſh* Shore, her Royal Highneſs order'd the Captain to make the firſt Place where ſhe could land, which he did accordingly, and her Royal Highneſs came on Shore at a little Village call'd *Broad-Steps*, near the *North-Foreland*, from whence ſhe ſoon after proceeded for the Court at *Kenſington*. Her Royal Highneſs croſs'd the Ferry at *Weſtminſter* about Three Yeſterday Morning, in good Health, but greatly fatigu'd; about Eight her Royal Highneſs waited on their Majeſties, and was receiv'd with an inexpreſſible Satisfaction.

Yeſterday was held a Court of Lord Mayor and Aldermen at *Guildhall*, when *George Mertin*, Eſq; the Elder, and *William Pate*, Eſq; who were elected laſt *Midſummer-Day* Sheriffs of this City and County of *Middleſex*, for the Year enſuing, were diſcharg'd from the ſaid Office, by ſwearing they were not worth 10,000 l. at the Time of their Election; and a Common-Hall is appointed to meet on Saturday next for the Election of two other Gentlemen to be Sheriffs of the ſaid City and County of *Middleſex* in their ſtead: Mr. *Symon Whadcock*, Mercer, and Mr. *George Ruſſel*, Loriner, are the two next Perſons on the Liſt of the Gentlemen who have been nominated by the ſeveral Lord Mayors, as proper Perſons to ſerve that Office.

The following Letter was written by an Officer of the French *Army, who was in the late Battle in* Italy.

Camp near Parma, June 30. *N. S.*

Yeſterday was fought, near the City of *Parma*, one of the bloodieſt Battles of Infantry that ever was heard of. Without entring into Particulars, which it is not poſſible for me to do at preſent, I can only tell you in ſhort, that the Enemy attacked us at the *Caſſines* (Cottages) of *Bronzel*, within a Quarter of a League of *Parma*, and after an obſtinate Fight, which laſted ten Hours, (a Thing hardly ever heard of) the Enemy did at laſt retire in the Night, taking the Route of the Mountains.

They loſt above 3000 Men, and a great Number of General Officers; among whom are General *Merci* killed, *Wirtemberg* wounded, *Palfi* wounded, *Vinck* killed, *Dieſbach* wounded, *Schulemburg* killed, Major-General *Wachtendonk* wounded, *de la Tour* wounded, *Palfi* the Son killed, and moſt of the other General Officers killed or wounded; but we have not yet an exact Liſt of them.

Our Loſt conſiſts of almoſt 400 Officers, and a great Number of Soldiers killed: Our General Officers are, the Marſhal *de Coigny* wounded in the Thigh, the Duke *de Croſſol* killed, the Marquis *de l'Iſle* killed, *Valence* killed, *Duffort* wounded in the Hand, and 30 Officers of his Regiment killed, *Tirmacon* wounded in the Shoulder, *Cadrieux* his Shoulder broke, *Savin* wounded, *Blanſy* killed, Prince *de Montauban* wounded, *Guerchois* wounded, *Contades* the Son wounded, Count *de Biron* wounded, *Longvigne* a great Contuſion, Marquis *de Maiſon* killed, *La Charte* killed, *Maillebois* the Son wounded, *de la Tremoille* trampled under the Horſes Feet, and two of his Ribs broke; an Officer of the Regiment of *Campagne*, *Moſſemburgh*, wounded in the Arm with a Muſquet-Ball, *Cour-*

ville wounded, *Villers* a conſiderable Contuſion, *Bavaria* ſhot in the Breaſt, *La Cedreau* three Fingers ſhot off of one Hand; and a great many more killed or wounded.

Auvergne, *Royal Rouſſillon*, *Picardie*, which was the 3d of the Brigade of *Picardie*, *Champagne*, and the King's Regiment ſuffered extremely.

There were 60 Officers killed or wounded of the King's Regiment only.

Commitment. Yeſterday the private Centinel belonging to the ſecond Regiment of Foot Guards, upon whom a Brace of Balls was found at the General Review on the 22d of laſt Month, before the Royal Family, was committed to *Newgate*, being charg'd with curſing his Majeſty.

Bankrupts. William Lediard, late of *Payneſwicke*, in the County of *Glouceſter*, Clothier.——*Alexander Holmes*, late of *Kenſington*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Victualler.

THURSDAY, *July* 4.

His Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* was to ſet out for the *Rhine* on Monday Morning laſt. His Retinue conſiſts of 40 Perſons, and his Horſes for Uſe and State are in Number 96.

His Highneſs's Equipage is every Way magnificent, and Preparations are made for his keeping open Table there. The Coaches and Liveries which the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange* appear'd with at the *Hague*, were the moſt ſplendid ever ſeen there. The Acclamations of Joy which the People expreſs'd whenever their Royal and Serene Highneſſes appear'd in publick, were ſuch as teſtify'd a very extraordinary Reſpect and Eſteem.

Yeſterday Mr. *Mayle* paid his Fine into the Chamber of *London*, for being excus'd the Office of Sheriff. He was drank to by Sir *Gerrard Conyers* in the Year 1723.

Abundance of private Letters from *Paris* take Notice, that a Third of the People of Quality and Diſtinction in that City are in Mourning for the Death of one Relation or other ſince the War commenc'd againſt the Emperor in *Germany*, *Italy*, &c.

We hear that a Son of Sir *John Hales*, of the County of *Kent*, Bart. was kill'd in the late Battle of *Parma*, he ſerving as a Voluntier in the *Imperial* Army commanded by the late Count *Merci*.

Yeſterday being the laſt Day of Term, ſeveral Perſons appeared on their Recognizances, ſome whereof were diſcharged, and others continued.

The ſame Day Col. *Pitt* of the firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards, and Member in the laſt Parliament for *Camelford* in *Cornwall*, was diſcharged by the Lord Chancellor of Arreſt which was executed on him within a few Days after the Parliament broke up, before he had Time to return thither.

Yeſterday a Cart ran over a Son of Mr *Sheppard*, Linnen Draper in *Hog-Lane*, *Weſtminſter*, and killed him on the Spot.

We hear from *Blythe* in the County Palatine of *Durham*, that *William Rowe*, late Clerk to Mr. *John Aiery* of *Newcaſtle*, going out one Day laſt Week to ſhoot Rabbits, in Company with a Friend, near that Town, was unfortunately ſhot into the Head, and died on the Spot. It happen'd by ſetting down the Butt End of the Gun on the Ground ready cock'd, and laying his Head on the Mouth of it.

Extract of a Letter from an Engliſh *Gentleman at* Tunis, *dated* July 3. *N. S.*

We paſſed near the Armies, but without Moleſtation. Now I mention them, you muſt know that laſt Tueſday happened a very bloody Battle between the *Germans* and Confederates, within a Mile of *Parma*; but not to enter into a Detail, of which I am no Judge, the Event is thus: Both Sides own the Loſs of Killed and Wounded to amount to 7000 each at leaſt, and few Officers, even the general ones, have eſcap'd Wounds. They fought ſeven Hours together, and after ſo terrible a Slaughter, neither Side pretends to ſing *Te Deum*; for they both retired to their uſual Camps. The Horſe of neither Side were engaged, becauſe the Cloſeneſs of the Country would not admit of it.

Extract of a Letter from Gibraltar, *dated the 16th of* June, *N. S.*

Captain *Falkingham*, in the *Saliſbury*, attended by — Men of War, received Mr. *Zolliceffre*, our Ambaſſador, on board, and as many Officers and Gentlemen of the Garriſon as had a Mind to ſee the Manner of his Reception; there went over about 30 of us, which, with the Officers of the Men of War, made up about 50 and more, that attended his Excellency aſhore. The Baſhaw had his Tent fixed by the Sea Side, and was attended by about 3000 People, with all Sorts of Muſick. Two Alcaides received us at landing, and conducted us to the Baſhaw's Tent, a few Paces from the Water Side, and he received the Ambaſſador at the Door: A ſhort Ceremony paſs'd, and then he went to a Houſe of his a Mile from the Sea, where he gave a ſplendid Dinner, in their Way, ſufficient for 300 People; and in the Evening Houſes were provided for us all. We went for *Tetuan* together with Muſick, Cavalcading, and Tournaments: He went himſelf, and gave us a Day of Wild Boar Hunting, where 26 Boars were killed in ſeven Hours Time, and gave us a plentiful Dinner in the Field, and returned with Cavalcading all the Way. In ſhort, he uſed us with the greateſt Civility imaginable.

The Ambaſſador remains there till he gets an Anſwer from the Emperor, who is ſeveral Days Journey to the South of *Mequinez*, ſubduing ſome Rebels there. We don't learn yet how he takes the Burning of his two Ships at *Magadore*; by our laſt Accounts they had one Cruizer at *Sallee* ready for Sea, and two more were building, which, 'tis ſaid, they have no Maſts for.

Marriages. We hear that the Lady *Clifton*, Relict of Sir *Jervaſe Clifton*, Bart. was lately married to *William Blackbourn*, of *High Ongar* in *Eſſex*, Eſq;——Laſt Monday *George Watſon*, Eſq; a Relation to the Earl of *Rockingham*, was married to Mrs. *Smallwood*, Relict of the late —— *Smallwood*, of *Dover-ſtreet*, Eſq;

Deaths. Laſt Week died at *Coventry* the Rev. *Jonathan Kimberley*, D. D. Canon of *Litchfield*, Vicar of *Trinity* Pariſh in *Coventry*, and Rector of *Bagginton* in *Warwickſhire*.——A few Days ſince died, at *Staines* in *Middleſex*, Mr. *Wheatley*, formerly an eminent Throwſter in *Spittlefields*, who lately gave 600 l. towards a Set of Bells to be put up in the Steeple of *Chriſt-Church*, *Spittlefields*.——Laſt Week died at Sir *William Courteney's*, *John Stafford*, of *Upton Pine* in *Devon*, Eſq; a Gentleman poſſeſs'd of near 800 l. *per Annum*.

FRIDAY, *July* 5.

Some Perſons in the Princeſs Royal's Retinue having lodg'd a Box of fine Lace behind the Coach which brought her Royal Highneſs from *Margate*, the Officers ſeiz'd the ſame at *Rocheſter*, and carried it to the *Cuſtom-Houſe*.

On Wedneſday it was notified at Court, that her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Orange* was with Child.

Yeſterday was held a Cabinet-Council at *Kenſington*, when Mr. Serjeant *Urling*, Deputy Recorder of this City, made a Report to his Majeſty of the 12 Malefactors condemned the two laſt Seſſions at the *Old Bailey*, and the ſix following are ordered for Execution, *viz.*

Thomas Evans, for ſtealing from *Manſel Alcock* a Parcel of Linnen, to the Value of 10 l. 4s. the Property of *John Wingfield*. *William Fletcher*, Cook to Mr. *Page*, for Forgery. *Peter Machie*, for ſtealing a Parcel of Jewels of great Value. *Thomas Taverner*, alias *Cotton*, for robbing Mrs. *Ruſſel*, near *Newington* Turnpike. *William Ray*, for the Murder of his Wife in *Eagle-ſtreet*, *Holborn*. And *Roger Bow*, the Waterman, for the Murder of *Thomas Field*, a Butcher's Servant in *Hungerford-Market*.

And laſt Night the Dead Warrant came down to *Newgate*, ordering their Execution on Monday next at *Tyburn*.

His Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to reprieve the five following for Tranſportation for 14 Years, *viz.*

William Jellard, for Houſe breaking. *John Green*, for privately ſtealing Goods to the Value of 10 l. *Maſſey Hornby*, for the Murder of her Baſtard-Child. *Joſeph Hart*, for breaking open an Eſcrutore in the Houſe of Mrs. *Fleet*, and ſtealing thence ſome Linnen, and 27 l. 14s. in Money. And *Samuel Walker*, for ſtealing 50 Guineas, and ſeveral Promiſſory Notes, out of the Houſe of *Joſeph Hughs*. *Elizabeth Hewit*, alias *Giles*, who was condemned in *April* Seſſions, for ſtealing divers Goods of Value, died about ten Days ago in *Newgate*.

On Tueſday laſt one *Pollard*, a *Frenchman*, the Captain's Swabber of the *Ipſwich* Man of War, was hanged at the Yard-Arm, in the Preſence of the whole Ship's Crew, purſuant to his Sentence at a General Court-Martial, for the Murder of his own Son, a Youth of about 15 Years of Age, on board the ſaid Ship.

Yeſterday there was a Court of Common-Council held at *Guildhall*, when it was reſolved to diſcharge the Gentlemen who had made Depoſites in the Chamberlain's Office, of 400 l. and 20 Marks each, from being eligible to the Office of Sheriff of this City; and alſo to diſcharge all ſuch as ſhall pay the ſaid Sum between this and Saturday Morning Eleven o'Clock.

Seals, *Cauſes*, *Exceptions*, *and Demurrers*, *after* Trinity-Term.

Tueſday, July 9, Firſt General Seal. Wedneſday 10, Thurſday 11, Friday 12, Saturday 13, Monday 15, Tueſday 16, Wedneſday 17, Cauſes. Thurſday 18, Second General Seal. Friday 19, Saturday 20, Monday 22, Cauſes. Tueſday 23, Wedneſday 24, Thurſday 25, Friday 26, Rehearings. Saturday 27, Third General Seal. Monday 29, Tueſday 30, Wedneſday 31, Thurſday Auguſt 1, Friday 2, Exceptions. Saturday 3, Monday 5, Pleas and Demurrers. Tueſday 6, Fourth General Seal. Wedneſday 7, Petitions and Cauſes by Conſent.

Yeſterday his Excellency the Marquis *de Oſſorio*, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of *Sardinia* at this Court receiv'd a Confirmation of the Victory gain'd over the *Imperial* Army near *Parma*, by the Arms of the King his Maſter and thoſe of his Allies, with theſe further Particulars, That the *French* Troops rallied three ſeveral Times (a Cuſtom they had hitherto been unacquainted with) and that the Detachments ſent in Purſuit of the Remains of the *Imperialiſts* had taken 2500 Men Priſoners, together with all their Baggage, *&c.*

Other Advices add, that the Allies were now reſolved to undertake the Siege of *Mantua*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Camp before Philipſburg, June 30. *N. S.*

WE expect the *Imperial* Army every Moment, and are continually upon our Guard to prevent Surprize; but we ſhall not go to meet them, as was imagin'd: No; that would be too complaiſant: We ſhall content ourſelves with receiving them at the Entrance of our Lines.

This Morning we laid another Bridge over the *Rhine*, not far from that we had before; ſo that now we have three; two here, and one at *Germerſheim*. Don't think 'tis to facilitate our Flight, that we ſecure ſo many Paſſes: 'Tis to quicken the Conveyance of the Priſoners and Trophies we deſign to take from the Enemy.

They are ſtill at *Bruchſal*: We ſee their Camp without Pain; and as it is ſituate upon a Hill, they may eaſily diſcern, by the Help of Spying-Glaſſes, what is doing in ours, and in the Place. Thus the Commander, ſince they have been there, has hanged out a White Flag upon the Tower, which we take to be a Signal of ſome ſecret Agreement between them.

Our Attacks don't advance very faſt. The Engineers and thoſe that ſerve the Artillery caſt the Blame upon each other: In one Senſe, they are both right; but the Overflowing of the *Rhine* is the chief Cauſe of the Tediouſneſs of the Siege.

An old Woman foretold this about a Fortnight ago, to one of our Generals, in Words to this Effect: *You ſhould not have dallied ſo long at* Bruchſal, *but have marched directly to* Philipſburg, *where there were then but* 1500 *Men*: *They have ſince been reinforced with* 4000 *more*; *and which is worſe, the* Rhine *will come and drive you away very ſoon.*

Tho' the old Woman's Reaſoning in the military Way was not much amiſs, yet I dare ſay, that in ſpite of her Prophecy, in ſpite of the *Germans*, and in ſpite of the *Rhine*, we ſhall take the Place ſooner than the Enemy imagine, if not ſo ſoon as we expected.

Mean Time we loſe a World of Men. As for thoſe that die by the Ball, be it of Cannon or Muſket, they die in the Bed of Honour; and that is all we need ſay of them: But we loſe almoſt as many by Deſertion; a Thing hardly ever heard of. The Raſcals go off by Bands, frequently half a Company at a Time.

Our Officers are uncapable of any Thing ſo baſe; but we are nevertheleſs Sufferers for that, eſpecially ſince the Marſhal *d'Aſfeldt* has ſent the heavy Baggage over the *Rhine* again, and we are obliged to lie under the Canopy of Heaven, and almoſt without Cook or Kitchen.

The Garriſon have none of theſe Inconveniences to undergo; and yet they have no better Hearts than other Men. A Deſerter, juſt come over, tells us, that the Commander, to prevail with 1500 Men to make a Sally the other Day, was obliged to give them each a Pint of Wine and 40 *Sols*; after which Encouragement they marched indeed, but being arrived at the Gate, they had not the Heart to come thro', but carried their Money back to the Commander. This was a very lucky Turn for us; becauſe ſo numerous a Sally, at a Time when we did not expect it, would have cleared the Trenches of us; and the Conſequence of that would have been the Levelling of our Works, and the Nailing of our Cannon. But this Story will put us a little more upon our Guard.

Laſt Night we attacked the Hornwork: We were twice repulſed; but the third Time we carried one Half of it: This coſt us a great Number of Grenadiers; but To-morrow there will be a much greater Slaughter, if a Deſerter ſays true, who this Moment comes to tell us, Prince *Eugene* deſigns us a Viſit at that Time: We have been ſo often flattered with that Expectation, that we will not believe it till we ſee him.

Though this Letter appears at firſt Sight to be written by a *Gajcoon*, yet there is a great deal of Truth in it. However, if the *French* do not go to meet the *Germans*, it is not becauſe they are afraid of being too polite, but for fear of being too warmly received. In ſhort, other Letters from better Hands acknowledge, that the *French* Soldiers are ſo prodigiouſly fatigued with the Siege, that they ſhew nothing of that Ardour to fight, as they did at the Forcing of the Lines of *Etlingen*. In the Night between the 30th paſt and the 1ſt Inſtant, the Commander

retook the Hornwork on which the Beſiegers had made a Lodgment, and after he had made a great Slaughter of them, gave them a Ceſſation of four Hours to bury their Dead: At the ſame Time he deſtroyed their Gallery too, ſo that if they have a Mind to retake that Place, they muſt begin *de novo*. But Prince *Eugene* will in all Likelihood ſpare them the Pains, by raiſing the Siege, not more to eternize his own Name than it is already, but that of General *Witgenau*, who makes ſo brave a Defence, would thereby be raiſed very high. You know, without Doubt, that that General is only Commander in *Philipſburg*, Count *Seckendorff*, the famous Negotiator in the North, being Governor of that Town; but he has given that General ſuch an Opportunity to immortalize himſelf, that I know 20 Officers, who would have fought their Way thro' the *French* Lines into the Town, to have gathered the Laurels that are ſo juſtly his Due. The *French* loſe a World of Men in the Siege of *Philipſburg*, and they had like to have loſt the brave Count *de Belliſle*, who took the Hornwork above-mentioned, exhorting his Soldiers, as they relieved the Trenches, not to leave that Glory to thoſe that came after them. He led them up to the Breach, and carried his Point; but he received a Wound there in the Head, from a Ball almoſt ſpent, which confines him to his Bed.

Our laſt Letters from *Italy* brought nothing remarkable, except that the Court of *Rome* was determined, as having recognized the Emperor for King of *Naples*, and not the Infant *Don Carlos*, to receive the Hackney this Year alſo on the Part of his *Imperial* Majeſty, for the Kingdom of *Naples*. The Court of *Spain* will not be ſorry for that Preference, becauſe it will ſerve them for a juſt Reaſon to lay that Ceremony entirely aſide, and render that Kingdom independent on the Holy Sea.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This is to give Notice,

THAT N° LXXXIV. of Mr. RAPIN's Hiſtory of England, tranſlated by N. Tindal, M. A. which was intended to be publiſh'd the 6th of July, as the Compiling and Printing the Index takes up more Time than was expected, cannot be ready for Publication till ſome Time in Auguſt; it will be done with all poſſible Expedition, and due Notice of the Publication will be given in all the publick Papers.

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VII. Foreign Affairs.

VIII. Prices of Goods, Grain; Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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